MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS.

We Are "Headquarters."

At no previous time were we better able to substantiate this claim, as the present stock is by far the largest and most varied ever offered by us.

Men's White Unlaundered All-linen Hemstitched Initial Handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered letters, extra good

quality, only 29c each; 6 for \$1.50.

Men's White Laundered All-linen Hemstitched "Initial" Handkerchiefs, white embroidered letter, only 35c;

3 for \$1.

Colored border and colored letter, 35c; white, with colored letter, 35c; all-white China silk, "Initial," \$1.

SPECIAL—100 dozen Men's White All-linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, extra value,

ONLY 12 1-2c EACH.

500 dozen Men's Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs, in solid centers, with fancy borders, all solid colors, fancy colored brocades, stripes and checks,

25, 371-2, 50, 75, 85, 871-2c, \$1, \$1.25, up to \$2.00 each.

White China Silk and Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs,

371-2, 50, 75, 871-2c, \$1, \ \$1.10, and \$1.25 each.

SPECIAL—Elegant line of Men's Fine Japanese Silk Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, in white, with white and checked borders, and all-over checks, with striped border, choice goods,

ONLY 75c EACH.

Hand-painted Japanese Silk Handkerchiefs, beautiful designs, same on both sides, usually sold at \$1.50, only \$1.25 each.

A generous assortment of each style that comes marked at exceptionally low prices, quality considered.

White Cashmere Mufflers, silk and satin stripes, large and small polka spots, &c., 50, 621/2, 65, 75, 871/2c,

\$1.12½, \$1.25, and \$1.37. Silk Mufflers, white, cream, and fancy colors, stripes, checks, and brocaded designs, 871/2c to \$3.50 each.

Grand December Sale

MEN'S FURNISHINGS MEN'S CASSIMIR SMOKING JACKETS,

CONTINUED!

The pronounced success of this sale has incited us to still greater efforts. We have just added numerous lines to the already excellent stock, now by far the largest and finest ever carried by us. The store is full of appropriate, useful presents for Men and Boys. Easy to make selections here. Customers will best serve us and their own interests by making early selections, thereby avoiding the large crowd incident to a few days before Christmas.

Men's Neckwear.

The largest and finest stock we have ever shown, comprising the most harmonious combination of contrasting colorings and effects possibly conceivable,

100 DOZEN Teck and Flat Scarfs

Only 25c Each.

110 Dozen at 37 1-2e Each

For 50c we can give you any shape you wish, either Tecks, Pu I, Flats, and Four-in-hands, in llack and white silk and satin, and a great variety of fancy colorings, both neat and stylish,

Only 50c Each.

Scarfs and Ties at 65, 75, 95c, \$1, \$1.05, \$1.15, \$1.25, and \$1.50

1013

SUPERB DISPLAY

Christmas Suspenders

Put up in fancy glass top boxes expressly for the holiday trade. 50,621-2,75, and \$1 Per Pr.

\[\begin{cases} 50c, 62\frac{1}{2}c, 65c, 75c, 87\frac{1}{2}c \\ 95c, \$1.7 \\ \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \\ \$2.85, \$2.25, \$2.50 to \$4 per pair. \end{cases} \]

These are in web. silk, and satin, white fancy embroidered.

Immense line of Suspenders out o boxes from 25c per

F

Men's Cloth Gloves,

Only 25 and 35c Per Pair. MEN'S JERSEY GLOVES.

Only 50c Per Pair.

Men's Hand-knit Worsted Gloves, dark fancy colors and Mixtures,

"Job Lot" of Men's Kid Gloves, embroidered back, light tan shades,

Only 65c Per Pair.

SPECIAL!

Men's "Perrin's" Real Kid and colors, plain and Gloves, embroidered back, light, medium, and dark shades of tan, superior qual-

ity, Only \$1.75 Per Pair.

Kid Gloves at \$1, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, and \$2.25 per pair, all excellent values; for street and evening wear.

CANES

Plain and Fancy American and Foreign Woods.

BUCK HORN, GOLD & SILVER HEADS.

Not a Large Stock, But a Good Variety.

25c TO \$4.75 EACH.

UMBRELLAS.

Cambric and Gingham Umbrellas. GLORIA CLOTH UMBRELLAS Silk Umbrellas.

Plain Handles, Gold and Silver Tipped, and Artistically Designed Handles.

No matter what kind of an Umbrella you want, nor the price you wish to pay, you are reasonably sur of being sutted from this stock.

SMOKING JACKETS!

The stock is now all in, we having just received the last invoices. Make your selection early.

Olives, Blues, and Browns. Three Pockets. Nicely made and finished,

> Only \$5 Each: Worth \$6.50.

MEN'S FINE GRAY FLANNEL SMOKING JACKETS,

> Custom Made and Bound, \$7.75 Each:

> > Worth \$9.

MEN'S TRICOT SMOKING JACKETS,

Navy, Garnet, and Seal, Satin Bound and Elegantly Finished,

Only \$9.25 Each;

Worth \$11.

MEN'S

Check Smoking Fancy

Satin Bound, Dark Effects,

\$10.25 and \$11.75 Each:

JAPANESE SILK SMOKING JACKETS.

\$6, \$8, and \$10 Each.

OODWARD & LOTHROP REET

NORTH WEST.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Lively Description of Hotels, Clubs, Streets, Theaters, and Cathedrals. 19 HALF MOON STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, Nov. 20 .- As I have been here now a month, I feel I should write a short resume of my feelings over what I have

resume of my feelings over what I have seen and as a journey across the Atlantic is no novelty, I shall not describe it except to say that if it was more generally known in the United States, the Canadian steamship route would be greatly preferred. The beginning of the trip is for hundreds of miles calm and quict, giving one an opportunity to get settled and used to the sailp, its smells, noises, and motion, and at the end of the trip after sighting Moville, Ireland, you also have twelve hours' quiet, to pack up and get ready to go ashore. The

not. The arrangements for examini your trunks and transporting you to t great railroad stations are to my mind first class, though I paid liberally and thus had my attention.

The journey from Liverpool to London
was pleasant and rapid. When I reached The journey from Liverpoon in the Langham Hotel I found rooms prepared for me—immense, cold, dismai vaults, with brass bedsteads and cretonne hangings, and on the mantels two little, poor, diminutive cardine candles that seemed to say: "Expressive candles that seemed to say: "Expressiv on the mantels two little, poor, diminutive attentine candles that seemed to asy: "Excuse me, sir, but I'm doing my best." I wanted gas, I wanted lamps, anything to liven up things, but there was no gas, only in the halls and public rooms. Here, now, was a hotel costing a million and a half of dollars, fireproof, gorgeous in gilding and marble, and no gas in the sleeping rooms and no bath rooms. Out in the halls were strung in a row a dozen exaggerated coal hods, with lap rugs or blankets on each—these were the baths. Great G—d! And when you wanted a bath this diabolical instrument of torture was brought into the

when you wanted a bath this diabolical instrument of torture was brought into the room, the rugs put down, the coal hod put on it, and hot or cold water put in. This was the famous bath that Englishmen love to tell about—that they have every morning. Well, it was all very "curus." At breakfast time my nurse came to me and said: "The children can't get anything to eat; they gave us oatmeal porridge and bacon, and the children never eat either and don't know what it is." Well, cussing myself for not having taught my youngsters to cat oatmeal porridge and my youngeters to eat oatmeal porridge and bacon, I ordered them up a good beefsteak to chew on. When my wife and I went down and took a table in the big room, they to chew on. When my wife and I went down and took a table in the big room, they call a "coffee room," because I suppose that everybody drinks tea, we noticed "chappies" coming in and walking around a big table and peering down at cold joints of beef, mutton, &c., and it seemed fearfully rude to us. It appears the gag is to walk up to this table and examine the lay out, and then say, "Awh, there, give me some of that beef, ye know." And that people eat a breakfast of cold dishes, where we est ateaks, chops, &c. What with the want of gas and the general funereal aspect of the bearders. I made up my mind that my stay at the Langham was not good for my health, so I looked around and took a suite of two bedrooms and a parior on the first floor of this place, and barring the disposition to atint us now and then and swing in a lot of extras, I am well satisfied.

My rooms are about the price they would be on Fifth avenue, New York; I then pay so much a day for the board of the two servants and my two children. My wife and I eat our meals as we like, either in our rooms or out; if in our apartments, we order the evening before our breakfast.

rooms or out; if in our spartments, we order the evening before our breakfast, lunch and dinner served at any hour we lunch and dinner served at any hour we choo in our parier with separate linen, silve, lishes, &c. This is very convenient, and we can have a friend or two to breakfast, or lunch, or dinner without its causing remark, only we pay for each meal a stated price. So far I've been using one hansom cab, the owner of which is a study out of a book, and who has saved me many a dollar already. His name is Benjamin Smith, thirty years a cab driver, and knows London out and in. As the city part, as they call it, is as far from Half Moon street as Forty-second street is from Trinity Church. call it, is as far from Half Moon street as Forty-second street is from Trinity Church, and as I am not yet up on the different streets. I have to hire this man to teach me how to get around.

Traversing as I have daily the great thoroughfares leading back and forth I can only say I am dazed and wooderstruck at the tide of travel, the immense traffic,

the continual go, go, of the people and vehicles; take Broadway, between Canal street and Exchange Place, and multiply it by fifty such thoroughfares and you can have an idea. You leave one jam only to be in another, in a street crossing the last parallel miles upon miles, acres upon acres of living, throbbing humanity, hustling and crowding, all kinds and conditions. In the middle of the streets are lamp posts at intervals, around which cling pedestrians trying to cross under the wings of active policemen, who keep the vehicles to the left, thus making two steady streams moving up and down. I like to study the faces of the drivers of these cabs, omnibuses, coaches, carts, wagons, vans, hansoms, broughams, and landaus, and the people in them. The faces of the working class have an anxious look, and all seem to be struggling to get along; you see few idlers in these throngs, and it's move on, move on, or get wiped out. The altercations and quarreling is all done from convenient distances, and the chaff is very "amusing and no swearing. "Look at you now, do you want the whole street?" "Oh, you're mighty uppy this morning; there's plenty of room for you on the other side."

no swearing. "Look at you now, do you want the whole street?" "Oh, you're mighty uppy this morning there's plenty of room for you on the other side."

I have so far seen nothing of the proverbial gruffness of the people as reported. Only once was I scowled at. I told my cabby in a fit of intense Englishism to take me to one of the old fashioned coffee houses to get lunch. We stopped at one, the outside of which looked like a barn, and going through a dark hail I went into a dim, little, smoke-begrimed room, filled with compartments like old fashioned pews in an old church. I peeked into this one and that one to see if the occupants would move up and give me a seat, but they only scowled at me and plainly said by their looks, "what the devil do you want here? Don't you see we've been eating here 300 years, and we want no new chaps in here?" As the chops and baked potatoes looked so nice, I was determined to persevere, and I passed out and into a similar eating house, but I really belleve if I hadn't got out quick I'd got a mustard pot at my head, and so I yowed a vow that these places should live In my dreams and that common hotels and restaurants would do me.

The great restaurants which would class with the hoffman House, and Delmonico's are unknown here. I was and am greatly stonished at this, and it will not be believed generally; but you can sum it all up in this: Restaurant and hotel life is unknown here.

are unknown here. I was and am greatly astonished at this, and it will not be believed generally; but you can sum it all up in this: Restaurant and hotel life is unknown here. I was told to go to the Holborn (pronounced Hoburn) restaurant and see elegance; Well, it was a funny idea of the roof further than the said open to the roof, the first floor filled with tables, the sides mere galleries or corridors, also filled with tables. The people all looked to me like country cousins come in to see the sights and entirely out of taste with the gorgeousness of the marble and velvet. The food was badly cooked and served. I have tried a famous cafe, the 'Royai' which is much better than the Holborn, but still not within a hundred miles of Delmonico's, and the people, men and women, looked loud and vulgar. I've tried the so-called lunch and grill rooms in the city, and there's no place can compare with Cable's or Sutherland's. The dickens of it is, there's so much furs and talk and bowing and scraping and all that; while in most of the places the men had newspapers and seemed to be just trying to put in their noon bour. In fact, I'd give anything this minute if I knew where I could go and get a good beefsteak and trimmings, say like you'd get in the Astor House. in their noon bour. In fact, I'd give anything this minute if I knew where I could go and get a good beefsteak and trimmings, say like you'd get in the Astor House. Why they believe here and say that a rump or round steak is the best—just imagine that. Yet all are so polite, try to serve you well, anxious to please, that I feel an affection for these people I can't express, and if they would but a minute see how much they could improve on the good things they have, they would add greatly to their happiness and profit. Strange as it may seem, there are no restaurants at night similar to our Broadway oyster saloons. Oh, if Dorlan and Schaffer should see the poor little shops they sell oysters in here they would weep. Such things as aliced cabbage, crackers, &c., are unknown; the places put me in mind of a little Granwich street pie shop, and the men in them looked scared and worried. Such a thing as a "ry in a box" would cause one of them to look at you as if you see the poor little shops they sell oysters in here they would weep. Such things as sliced cabbage, crackers, &c., are unknown; the places put me in mind of a little Granwich street pie shop, and the men in them looked scared and worried. Such a thing as a "fry in a box" would cause one of them to look at you as if you were an escaped hundle, and a Boston stew or a Philadelphia broll with a little old sherry to sprinkle on would be considered in the same light as if you said,

BRANCH "give me a baby on toast." Why they haven't got into the innate comfort and luxury of a good oyster fry or stew at 11 p. m. beats me, but if a man should start such a place he would catch no trade but the rounders and the girls at that hour. Decent people don't go out to late suppers, and the young dude is saved the expense of taking his sweetheart, wife, or sister to a little supper after the play. In my opinion the poorer class, the thrifty clerk, the cabdriver, the shop girl, and such people have a better time than those better off, and I'll admit I've longed to go in and have a good dish of old-fashioned tripe stew at these tripe shops you see, but my position debars me from enjoying the luxuries of the poor, even. All 1 can say is that places like Everett's, Crook's, the Continental, untown in New York, are never dreamed of here, more's the pity. As to the hotels, I told you before of the Langham; of course there are two others—the Grand and Metropole—that claim to be "high church," they have all the faults of the English hotel proper, and are in some things poor imitations of ours. Now to be able to wire to any of them—"Reserve one nice room with a bath," as you could coarse a smile of derision. In fact, the poorest drummer on the road in the United States is lodged and fed better than

"Reserve one nice room with a bath," as you could to any hotel most in America, would cause a smile of derision. In fact, the poorest drummer on the road in the United States is lodged and fed better than the richest swells who stop at English hotels. You see, perhaps a man's idea of comfort is what he has been used to, and he may think from his standpoint only. I have been a traveler in the states constantly for ten years, in at least every section of the Union. Now when I go to Chicago I wire for a room with bath; I find it ready for me on my arrival. I also find meals at all hours from 5 a. m. to 12 p. m. without any fuss or worry; my room is always large, comfortable, with double bed, bot and cold running water, and gas, with steam or coal fire as I desire. Such comforts as I have described cannot be had for love or mousy in any public house in this country or Europe. Hotels like Hoffman, New York; or Murray Hill, Young's, Boston; Rennert's, Baltimore; Willard's, Washington; Grand Pacific, Chicago; Southern, St. Louls, or even the Old St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, or St. Charles, New Orleans, would be revelations to even the Prince of Wales. In fact, we in the United States hold our comforts too light, and chose two great bleasings—the good American hotel and parlor and sleeping cars—are visions of grandeur and comfort to us across the water here, who must perforce fall into and adopt the ways of our neighbors.

They say that the good meals are to be had at the clube; I never yet saw the use of the institution called the club. The great men who have belonged to clubs were never see: there; and imagine Henry Clay dawding his time looking out of a club window, or a great god like Dan Webster listening to an argument whether little Jimmile Ratbain Jims should be suspended or not for carrying a newepaper parcel on Fifth avenue in daylight. And even in our day think of Sain Randall sucking a cane all the afternoon in front of a club window, or Alian 4. Thurman deciding whether the Evening Houghts and sit in judgm phere of a club. It's well known to us who have roughed it and laid awake nights on the plains looking at the stars that shone down in our faces that the rich club fellows are the strejear people about money in the states. They'd pinch a bootblack or a flower girt; they never give up a cent to a poor devil. This breed of consumers which is growing up in the states, notable and great in their inward smallness and localism, has a counterpart here which exceeds the kind I am speaking of as the mastodou of old exceeds the chipping bird. This class of titled loafers and ne'er do wells swarm the clubs here, which have a street

and stare and say, "Ah, ye know!" New York and a few of our cities are producing or hatching out a few of these birds with mock'coats-of-arms and pretensions which would make their poor, honest old codfish parents blusk for shame. Imagine Phil Armour's son setting up a coat-of-arms and mimiching langlish affectations, when there are lots alive who remember Phil when he punched cattle. I know a so-called Fifth avenue swell whose father cried fish through the streets of New York, and everybody knows who old Astor was. Now, here they may have something in the way of ancestry to brag about—that is, if you can get up any enthusiasm over the matter of ancestry, and you don't run up against some bastard branch of a duke or earl. I have failed so far to arrive at that stage of ancestry worehip necessary, I supstage of ancestry worship necessary, I sup-pose, to look upon with holy veneration the stage of ancestry worship necessary, I suppose, to look upon with holy veneration the Duke of Bangtown, whose twenty-fifth grandfather came over here with another lot of old pirates to steal and devastate. My veneration lies in the worship of such an old sea dog as Lord Nelson; and every day as I go by his monument in Trafalgar square I look up at the effigy of this old fighting god and say, "Yes, but for such chaps as you, where would their ancestry be?" And over a little way I see Wellington, the Nemesls of him who never knew defeat till he met Wellington, and I think, "Now, here's something to venerate; here's greatness for you," Ah, they were men, those two, and all that is England or will be England can well venerate them. Compare them to the kings they served, the imbedile lunatics, the Georges, and wonder. Of all the monuments scattered about, you never see one to the greatest of them all, Oliver Cromwell, Imagine a house raised to the greatness of England. Its nathoon. West. Cromwell. Imagine a house raised to the greatness of England—its pantheon, Westminster Abbey-full of tablets to common, poor, weak, stupid kings and queens, but no great tomb to Cromwell. Some day it

will be done.

The public buildings here would be very great if one had not seen the capitor and nublic buildings at Washington, Albany, and others in our states. How strange that I should have to say this, but it's positively true. There is no building in England or Europe as grand in position, situation, and in size as our capitol at Washington. Now you would think that this is a Yankee brag, but it's true. Of course we have no satiquity attached to our capitol or tradition or exciting history. The greatness, the immensity, the fascination of London, is its moving hides of humanity, its wealth, its miles, yes, hundreds of miles of shops, but they are to-day in New York, Boston, and Chicago, tearing down buildings they consider grand here. You cannot see in this place or in Europe such a building as the Mill's building in New York, or any of those ten-story palaces surrounding the Chamber of Commerce in Chicago. In fact, there are no such structures for office purposes here as we have in the states; their tastes do not run to beauty in architecture, and in all rich London there are no such residences as the Vanderbiits and others we know. Inside, many of them are full of art treasures gathered together by generation after generation, but the priceless tressure is set in a frame of dingy, black old stone and covered up by the dust of ages. Like their weather, dismal and black, their faces, pleasures, houses are all dismal, tyled Punch to bear me out. But the roads and streets, superb, magnificent, you see little donkeys no bigger than a dog pulling a cart load of vegetables that would stagger a mule over our streets and roads. The streets are see clean, smooth, and nice stagger a mule over our streets and roads. The streets are us clean, smooth, and nice as a billiard table, the manure on them is swept up by boys and sold, and the traffic

swept up by boys and sold, and the traffic is regulated up one side and down the other, and blocks and delays are almost unknown because the drivers have to obey the rule of the road and it's only by obedience can order be kept. No conception can be given of the traffic and its variety, the order, law-abiding ways, and manners of the people and the lacessant roar and din of this huge moving mass.

I've been to see Irving in "Faust" and and Terry as Marguerite. It is the fluest piece of acting and mounting I ever saw, but shoot the auditorums and seats. One custom is splendid—no woman can sit in certain parts of the theater with a hat or bonnet on. Still, to go to a play here is to certain parts of the theater with a fact or bonnet on. Still, to go to a play here is to get yourself up in style, and a lot of red tape and nonzense has to be gone through with; while the best seats are in the pit, where the poor people go. They have women for ushers, and charge you for your

or laughing—the women never talk to the men—and all eyes are in front. In the states, when we have English actors and actresses at Wallack's and other places, we notice the English drawl and affectation—as we suppose—and the other night at "Harvest' I saw a company of fine English actors and actresses, and they had nothing of that drawl and affection we see in America, hence, it occurred to me that those who go over are "giving us a game," and that all well-sducated English actors and actresses eachew these mannerisms on their own stage, and take and act like "white people." Of course to cater to 5,000,000 people there must be any amount of theaters, and there is more than I can here enumerate, but from the appearance and the faces of most of their sudiences I should judge that the happiest and mest delighted theater-goers here are the poorer classes, and I am glad of it, for and most delighted theater-goers here are the poorer classes, and I am glad of it, for they work hard enough, and their desire to earn an honest penny surpasses anything we know in the states. It's always a pleasure for me to turn from the cold, impassive for me to turn from the cold, impussive fares in the stalls to the galieries and pit, and there see the play depicted in the countenances of its occupants, and as it sways the passions and feelings of the heart you can see it mirrored there with perfect truthfulness. Ab, the great multitude of London, the working multitude, those whose joys and sorrows are as great to them as the Duke of Devonshire's, they are a study. The lords, the ladies, the princes, the rich idlers, what is there to interest a philosopher in such Their joys and sorrows you can read in novels. They are all alike. Sometimes a great catastrophe—to them—turns on the great catastrophe—to them—turns on the cut of a new dress or the fit of a top-coat cut of a new dress or the fit of a top-coat, while the people, the great avalance of poople—yes, yes, what stands before their majesty? Some day, I don't know when, there will be a big movement of these people, quietly, strongly, that will wipe out many bad things, but never a revolution, never anything disgraceful, mean, or cruel. They are too good hearted, too religious, too law-abiding, too industrious and honest ever to burn and destroy, but they are marching on, they are thinking, and somebody will be greatly astonished, for, say what you please, they are invincible. will be done.

The public buildings here would be very

of course, you will be surprised that in all this lot of trash I have never brought in the railways, which, perhaps, I am better fitted to speak of than anything else. Yes, But I want, when I go for these wonderful and gigantic humbugs, to fortify myself with figures, and, as we all know, figures are tedicus at the best. I can say this. That the mismanagement, waste, old fogylsm, and dead and dry rot perpetrated logylem, and dead and dry rot perp by the companies in this country not be tolerated with us on our roads; they have nothing worthy of dien but their road beds and the po of their employes; that's all. Of they have frequent trains; so do w they are required. But, as I said won't take up this matter; it can be they are required. But, as I said before, I won't take up this matter; it can be understood, when there's no railroad company, however poor, if well managed, with us, but can and does give its patrons drinking but can and does give its patrons drinking water and lavatory accommodations free, while here they cannot be had except in special cases and on special trains, and then you pay for them. Still I have enjoyed my rides through the beantiful country scenes and the lovely homes and neat villages, which my pen is not equal to. It's all beautiful, lovely, and I hope happy; they say not, that the agricultural districts are suffering. God forbid, they work hard and toll and are thrifty and painstaking. It's a pily they are not contented; they should be among such charming surroundings.

paintensing. Fee any they are use contented; they should be among such charming surroundings.

I've been over to Paris; yes, I looked down on the tomb of the great Napoleon and thought aloud "Certainly you have nothing to complain of," and then my mind recurred to the sight of the guillotine of the revolution, which I also saw, and my poor brain got dazed and muddled up, and I somehow connected Paris and its present glory and beauty with that horrible black phantom, and I stopped thinking of such diemal things, and I tried to smell a breath of prairie hay away off on the plains of Texas, where I've many a time heard the click of the army reaper reaping for our dear old Uncle Sam, who alone is great and good in all this world.

No well, regulated household should be

women for ushers, and charge you for your programme, and it's all very gloomy and dismal in front of the stage, nobody talking by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

IN THE LOBBIES. jects of Interest.

Congressman Buchanan, speaking of the recent election in his state, said: "New Jersey is naturally Republican, and we Jersey is naturally Republican, and we would have carried it this year in a square fight with the Democrats, but the prohibition element lost us the governorship. In the congressional Rights, where we had not to contend with this element, we were eminently successful, carrying five out of the seven districts. The agitation of the tariff question last session injured the Democracy, for the people of New Jersey are losing all confidence in a party which is constantly threatening ruin to their industries. I made the fight in the tariff line just as I did two years ago, and my constituents responded nobly. It only needs a little more tariff tinkering to throw New Jersey permanently into the Republican column."

Hon, Frank Lawler can be seen leaning

column."

Hon. Frank Lawler can be seen leaning against Willard's Hotel desk almost any evening. He seems to know everybody about the place, and is busy most of the time shiking hands. His hair is plastered in the usually beautiful curves, and even

ing. No; I have nothing to say about the feeling of the state toward the President."

A prominent Kentucky member says: "The coming chairman of the committee on ways and means is Breckbirdige or Townshend. The latter has had a longer experience in legislation, but Breckbirdige has given his attention especially to taxation problems, distinguished himself as a member of the ways and means committee last year, and is decidedly the fluest orator the Democrats have. Elequence is an important thing, even as chairman of that committee. Morrison might have accomplished more had he been able to present his views to the House in a way to claim attention, but his hisky voice and awkward gestures worked to the detriment of his plans. Of course, a tariff speech does not offer an inviting field for eloquence, but, dry as it must necessarily be, I am sure Breckbirdige could get in some thrilling points. He always does on every subject he handles. Aside from fitness, Breckbirdige has the advantage of the speaker's personal friendship and admiration. The two are very old friends, and Carllsie has pronounced Breckbirdige the

Opinions of Prominent Men on Sub

presents a more compact appearance than last session. "I bad a bard fight of it and no mistake."

last session.

"I had a hard fight of it and no mistake," said Mr. Lawler to a REPUBLICAN man. "Besides a Republican I had a labor candidate against me, and everything looked blue when the polls opened on election day, I was as surprised at the result as some of the papers were. However, I am in, and 16 majority is as good as 1,000 for all practical purposes—the "Senator-elect Daniel was disinclined to talk about Virginia politics. "Still," said he, "I can assure you that our congressional losses this year are to be attributed to over-confidence on the part of the Democrate more than to anything else. I know hundreds of Democrats in my district who stayed at home on election day simply because they thought their votes would not be needed. So it was in the other districts. Gen. Lee tells me that many of his most earnest supporters at the nominating convention did not take the trouble to vote, thinking the opposition amounted to nothing. No: I have nothing to say about the feeling of the state toward the President."

A prominent Kentucky member says: "The coming chairman of the committee."

Carlisie has pronounced Breckieridge the golden-tengued crator of Kentucky and the south. It will become apparent during the next three months whether Breckieridge or Townshend will carry off the prize. Much Townshend will carry off the prize. Much will depend on the ability each shows in helping to pull Morison's bill through."

Hon. Levi McComas has since his return to Washington received more congratulations than, perhaps, any other member, since he is more widely known and liked here, coming, as he does, from a district adjoining the city. Of the prospects of the Morrison bill, Mr. McComas says: "There cannot be any tariff legislation this winter. The opponents of Mr. Morrison's bill are as united and firm now as they were last summer. It is doubtful if consideration will be asked for the measure, but if Mr. Morrison makes that move I am condident it will be defeated by an increased majority. All our time will be needed to put through measures of generally recognized necessity."

Congressman Gay, of Louisiana, one of the few southern Democrats who voted ogainst consideration of the Morrison bill last session, says his views have not have a company as the will always or popus a since changed, and he will always opp measure that injures an important industry of his constituents.

COL. BAYNE'S GREAT SHOT. The Pennsylvania Congressman Dis-

tinguishes Himself With the Cue. There was an interesting game of billards at Willard's last night, in which Col. Tom Bayne, of Allegheny, showed himself as skillful with his cue as he is in political management. In the beginning of the game be played badly, making less than a half he played badly, making less than a half dozen scores in as many innings, while his opponent nearly ran out. Then some refreshments were brought in, and the congressman set to work in earnest. In one inning he ran fifteen points, and that too without once having the balls in a "picnie" position. His shot in the fifteenth score was a remarkable one, and caused a great deal of applause from the lockers on. The two objects balls gan a diagonal course and came up to the ball in the other corner. Old habitues o will in the other corner. Old habitues of Willard's billiard rooms say that such a shot has seldom been made there, and every-body was surprised at the congressman's skill. It might be remarked, too, that the most surprised man in the room was Col. Bayne himself.

A BALTIMORE negro who emigrated to Liberta years ago ordered a quantity of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, stating that he didn't like to be without it.

Ex-Vice President Wheeler [Malone, N. Y., Paladium.]

[Malone, N. Y., Paladium.]
There appeared in the New York World
of ten days ago what purported to be a letter from Malone so full of inaccuracies concerning ex-Vice President William A.
Wheeler that it at first seemed wiser to ignore it than to answer it, but its republication in other papers and the talk that it is
making outside of Malone, among former
sequaintances of our illustrious townsman,
demands a reference to it.

demands a reference to it.

It is proper first to declare that the article could never have been written at Malone. It is so absurdly incorrect in so many respects that no one residing here could have prepared it. repared it.
If the attack upon Mr. Wheeler affected

If the attack upon Mr. Wheeler affected only his standing with the public, it would not be his wish nor the impulse of any friend to refute it, but in the evening of life—a life of fidelity to duty and eagerness in good work—Mr. Wheeler prizes, first, the esteem of his neighbors and home friends, and, second, the good opinion of those who, in his public life, were drawn close to him and shared his affections. That these should be led to even question whether the things alleged in the World's article could be true gives him inexpressible pain, and to prevent such a possibility is the purpose of this correction.

The article in the World pictures Mr. Wheeler as a physical and mental wreek, seeluded from callers under the jealous care of relatives lest his real condition should become known, and rendered duil and beave by oning. Minor matters of

dd become known, and rendered du and heavy by opium. Minor matters o misstatement are so abundant in the article that it is not worth the time it would take

that it is not worth the time it would take to even specify them.

The maked truth concerning Mr. Wheeler is that he is a sick man—more grievously so than even most of his neighbors realize, and yet his condition is not such as to prostrate him except occasionally. He is often upon our streets, and attends divine services with regularity. He was at church on Sunday last. But he suffers nevertheless all the time from a malady than which few are more fritating and nerve-trying, and all the time from a malady than which few are more irritating and nerve-trying, and which deters him from an activity and social relations which would otherwise be delightful to bim. But in the quiet of his home his friends are always welcome, and never fall to find his greeting as cordial as of old, the grasp of his hand as hearty, his conversation possessed of all the charming qualities of younger days, and his intellectual accumen and his interest in public affairs unchanged and unabated.

Mr. Wheeler has never used morphine except under the most severe suffering.

sar, wheever has never user impraine except under the most severe suffering, and then by the advice of his physician, Dr. Theodore Gray, by whose authority we make this statement.

So far from his home being closed to visitors or his life regulated by any one, his doors are always open to friends; he chides

them that they do not call oftener, and he is absolutely the master of his own movements and habits.

Mr. Wheeler has lived a life in Malone which has been full of personal kindnesses and crowded with helpful work in every public enterprise. He is now withdrawn from politics and public affairs, seeking only such comfort as may be wrought out of life by association with his friends, converse with favorite authors, and the doing in quietness of such good as he may. He seeks neither political nor personal controversy, and it is deplorable that any one should aim to disturb his peace by so the founded an assault as that which the World, in probably an unguarded moment, admitted to its columns. Such attacks are, as characterized by President Cleveland and others who have unjustiy felt their sting, little short of "ghoulish" and deserve the remodation of all mes who or sting, little short of deserve the reprobation of all men who love truth and justice and believe in fall play and manliness.

A BIT FOR RHEUMATICS.

easonable Suggestions as to the Best Way to Subdue the Malady,

[A Family Doctor in Cassell's.] Of the feet and limbs particular care should be taken. The shoes or bootsboots are the best-ought to be strong, of the best leather, and roomy enough to admit a warm worsted sock or stocking. These should be soft, and on no account sh worn after they become damp with perspiration or otherwise. Those who suffer from chronic rheumatism have often weak right hearts; the blood does not find its way back from the feet with celerity, and heat and perspiration are the results. Thousands of people not only catch cold, but positively catch their deaths through the feet. Why will they not be warned? Socks and stockings are cheap enough, yet I know many who spend pounds on their back, and begrudge pence on their feet. Two pairs of stockings or socks a week. This is not enough, reader. If you are subject to rheumatism, or have an idlosynerasy that points that way, or if you are ever iroubled with scidity or hearthour, change the socks once a day. If you do you will live to bless the "Family Doctor" for giving you this hint.

Fiannel underclothing—or call it wool—is not a cure for chronic rheumatism, but it as o sure a preventive that I am justified in urgently recommending its use. Nay, further, without holding average. worn after they become damp with per-

rgently recommending its use. Nay, further, without holding extreme views, ike the German doctor, I would advise like the German doctor, I would advise patients who are subject to rheumatism or rheumatic gout to adopt the woolen system of clothing almost entirely, both by night and by day. There is no reason at all why the sheets of the bed should not be of wool, pillow-cases alone being linen. If this plan were adopted there would be but little chance, indeed, of catching a chill in bed.

ed. I would carry my scheme of woolen day clothing so far as to permit neither linen next to the skin nor, except on particular and unavoidable dress occasions, linen anywhere; and the same rule should be carried

Every Lady Knows That Bearing Down

Pains
are hard to bear. The Vegetable Compound f Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Masa, cures m. A lady in New York writes: "I have taken two bottles of the Compound and have used your sanitive Wash a few times, and I know it has benefited me. I don't feet the tearing down pain, which I so often feit be-fore, nor the pain in my limbs and back as was thankful to say I am greatly benefited. This is the first time I have been regular in my monthly periods since my last baby was born, monthly periods since my last baby was born, hen I do not suffer so with my back and the bearing down pains. Last night I scaled a mile to church, a thing I have not done in a pear! All praise to your Compound."

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine." "A Stitch is Time Saves Nine."

To not wait until you have had a big fire, and then regret you were not sufficiently insured. Insure now with the Corcoran Fire insurance Company, 100. F street northwest. Directors: John T. Lenman, president: Chas-A James, vice president: James L. Barboir, George A. Mellhenny, William E. Edmonston, Rivard Incop, James W. Orne, Austin Herr, John Joy Edson. C. McClelland, secretary,